

Forgiven not Forgotten

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Summary: Ten years later, Rogue looks back on her decision to leave Gambit in Antarctica and the

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"Has she always been like this, Miss Munroe?" whispered Nurse Joan. The short, plump, but pretty nurse glanced apprehensively up at the white-haired vision of beauty that accompanied her with her patient on her daily outing today. It has been a very long time since her patient had had a visitor

"Yes. Always has been--since that time." Ororo Munroe glanced down at the once lively Rogue. Now she sat listlessly in her wheelchair that Nurse Joan pushed her around in, her green eyes flat and lifeless, her face devoid of emotion.

*All alone staring on

Watching her life go by*

"If I may ask, Miss Munroe, what happened? Miss Rogue's perfectly healthy-she's just, well--" Nurse Joan hoped this lady would tell her about Rogue's history, she seemed so pitiful; all the nurses wondered. Rogue had been brought in ten years before. Apparently she had suffered a mental breakdown then.

What had happened to this woman that she was now wrapped within herself, responding to nothing, just waiting for her body to die so she could leave this world?

*When her days are gray

And her nights are black

Different shades of mundane*

"Has she ever had visitors?" asked Ororo, changing the subject. Nurse Joan shrugged.

"Just this blonde guy about two years back. I think his name was something Drake. He seemed kind of sad to see her like this."

*And the one-eyed furry toy

That lies upon the bed

Has often heard her cry*

"I take it that Rogue has never responded to any stimuli, or spoken?" asked Ororo. Nurse Joan looked at her. Even though she had come to visit Rogue, it was rather obvious she held no warmth in her heart for the woman. It was almost as if she held a grudge against her, for some past crime that was unforgivable.

"No--but sometimes, Nurse Michelle-she does the night rounds-, says she hears Miss Rogue whisper a word, over and over, especially after midnight but she can't be sure."

*And heard her whisper out a name

Long forgiven not forgotten*

"Remy."

"Why, that's the word Nurse Michelle says she hears! How'd you know?" Just then a sharp breeze swept around them, tossing Rogue's white-striped hair all over her face. As Nurse Joan carefully rearranged Rogue's hair back into place, she could have sworn she saw a spark of life flare within those lovely green eyes. Then it was gone--and all Nurse Joan saw was an empty gaze.

*You're forgiven not forgotten

You're forgiven not forgotten

You're forgiven not forgotten

You're not forgotten*

"Remy was the name of her boyfriend."

"Oh gosh-you mean-he died?" Was that what had driven Miss Rogue over the edge?

"Yes." Ororo looked at Rogue, her blue eyes hard. "Yes, he died."

"How?"

"She found out his dark secretâ€¦and left him to die." Ororo shrugged

away Nurse Joan's look of horror and walked away. She had come to visit Rogue to try to forgive--and found that she could not.

*A bleeding heart, torn apart

Left on an icy grave

In the room where they once lay

Face to face

And nothing could get in their way*

"Remy." the whisper was soft, softer than the breeze, filled with sorrow and anguish. It went unheard. Nurse Joan was staring at the retreating back of Ororo Munroe, too shocked to attend to her patient.

*But now the memories of a man

Are haunting her days

And the craving never fades

She's still dreaming of a man

Long forgiven, but not forgotten*

"Oh gosh--I never knew--" Nurse Joan mumbled. Apparently Rogue couldn't forgive herself for what she had done. And it looked like her friends couldn't either. But it was obvious she was eaten up inside with guilt--couldn't they have tried to help her, instead of abandoning her like this?

Rogue's eyes shimmered with tears. She lifted her head a fraction of an inch and looked at the sky she had forsaken for so long, the heavens blue and uncluttered with clouds today. Remy was dead; was he up there, in the heavens-where she would never be?

*Still alone staring on

Wishing her life goodbye

As she goes searching for the man

Long forgiven, but not forgotten*

Nurse Joan turned around, preparing to bring her patient inside. She gasped in surprise. The wheelchair lay empty, lopsided on the grass, sunlight sparkling along its wheels to emphasize the departure of its long time occupant.

*You're forgiven, not forgotten

You're forgiven, not forgotten

You're forgiven, not forgotten

You're not forgotten*

--Finis--

End
file.